And then it liu'd in ſweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieaſt,
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,
Oh, let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
*Queene.* Oh mightſt thou ſtay with ſafety of thy life,
Then ſhouldſt thou ſtay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.
*Suff.* I goe.
*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.
*She kiſſeth him.*
*Suff.* A iewell lockt into the wofulſt caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we,
This way fall I to death. *Exit Suffolke.*
*Queene.* This way for me. *Exit Queene.*

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is diſcouered in his bed, raning and ſtaring as if he were mad.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
I'le giue thee as much gold as will purchaſe ſuch another Iſland.
*King.* Oh, ſee my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Chriſt muſt ſaue thy ſoule.
*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the poyſon which the Pothicary ſent me.
Oh, ſee where Duke *Humfries* ghoſt doth ſtand,
And ſtares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.
*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou dieſt aſſured of heauenly bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand and make ſome ſigne to vs. *Car. dies.*
Oh ſee he dyes, and makes no ſigne at all,
Oh God forgiue his ſoule.
*Sal.* So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, ſo was his life in all.

*King*



*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury fo
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and ſee his funerals perfo

*Alarmes within, and the Chambers bee diſcharg*
*fight at ſea. And then enter the Captaine of the*
*ſter, and the Maſters mate, and the Duke of S*
*others with him, & Water Whickmore.*

*Cap.* Bring forward theſe priſoners that ſco
Vnlade their goods with ſpeed, and ſincke the
Here Maſter, this priſoner I giue to you.
This other, the Maſters mate ſhall haue,
And *Water Whickmore* thou ſhalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ranſome ere they paſſe.
*Suffolke. Water!* He
*Water.* How now, what doſt feare me?
Thou ſhalt haue better cauſe anon.
*Suff.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy ſelfe
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told m
That by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,
Thy name being rightly ſounded,
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.
*Walter.* Gualter or Water, al's one to me,
I am the man muſt bring thee to thy death.
*Suff.* I am a Gentleman, looke on my Ring,
Ranſome me at what thou wilt, it ſhall be paid.
*Walter.* I loſt mine eye in boording of the ſh
And therefore ere I Merchant-like ſell blood fo
Then caſt me headlong downe into the ſea.
2. *Priſon.* But what ſhall our ranſomes be?
*Mai.* A hundred pounds a peece eyther pay th
2. *Priſon.* Then ſaue our liues, it ſhall be paide.
*Water.* Come ſirra, thy life ſhall be the ranſom
*Suff.* Stay villaine, thy priſoner is a Prince,